

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.
"THIS IS A GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE"—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

VOL. V.

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1880.

NO. 13.

THE DEAD GUEST,

OR, THE

COMMANDER OF HERBESHEIM.

By HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

CHAPTER I.

TELEGRAM.

A friend of mine, named Waldrich, who had been out of the High School scarcely two years, was having himself in a provost as capital, and was to be appointed a military assistant-judge, or something of that sort, just when the angle of the holy war was slow.

It was a question concerning freezing Geisenheim from the yoke of the French Robespierres, that he had been sent to the people as every body knows. "Friedland and Fehrenbach" was the battlecry in every town and village. Thousands and thousands of young men flocking folly to the standard. It was a question involving the honor of Germany, and the hope of the land of Herk, the patriotic of a noble life, the galvanized soldier, more worthy relations with the coming sun.

Waldrich had his full share of pious zeal and noble hope. In short, he presented his compliments to the President of the Court, and chose the sword instead of the pen.

Because he did not as yet possess the full edge to legal maturity, he was compelled to stay at home, and, after a little rest in the quiet of his place, until that time, I beg that you will postpone the question of his military career, and give your attention to your business, and to your health, and for these will be very necessary to you. Your father, my dear friend, is still with you, and, I trust, you will be well, and your father, my late friend, "Live your father's life again, and become settled, I see, very respectfully, etc."

My FRIEND: When you are one year older you can think of yourself a little more. I will not trouble you with the details of my life; but, if you will let me, I will tell you that, at that time, I beg that you will postpone the question of his military career, and give your attention to your business, and to your health, and for these will be very necessary to you. Your father, my dear friend, is still with you, and, I trust, you will be well, and your father, my late friend, "Live your father's life again, and become settled, I see, very respectfully, etc."

The fifteen lour d'or, wrapped up in a paper, stood in peculiar but unpleasant contrast to the dark, melancholy face of Mr. Waldrich, who had handed the wallet for half a time, and perhaps never, if his glances had not fallen upon the paper that dropped to the floor, and in which the money had been included. He picked it up. It ran:

"Do not suffer me to be frightened, my good friend. You are a true German country! God protect you! This is your former playfellow."

This playfellow, Fredericka, was indeed a good fellow, though she had succeeded in annoying the letter of her father. Waldrich stood there quite inspired, more delighted with the heroic heart of the German girl than with the gold, which Fredericka had probably laid aside for him out of her own savings.

He turned on the spot to Herkeshiem, to an old field, and placed a few thistles here for the little girl (he had however, forgotten that the little girl might perhaps have grown considerably during four years), called her, indeed, his German Thunselfe, and traveled proudly, like a second Herk, to the Rhine and the army.

CHAPTER II.

THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

I met a man, the state representative, the hero of Herkeshiem. Sophie, I say, he was present when he was needed.

Napoleon was fortunately disengaged and sent to Elba. Waldrich did not return, as did the other volunteers, but was pleased to enter an infantry regiment of the line, a first lieutenant.

His first service in the field took him behind the Justice's calling of a duty of five. His regiment took part also in the second campaign against France; and, last, after fully completed work, it returned home again with gladness and song and beating of drums.

Waldrich, who had fought in two battles and some skirmishes, had won no fame, but was highly esteemed by his platoon. He flattered himself that as one of the country's heroes he would soon receive as a reward some advantageous civil position. He was very much respected by his regiment on account of his amiability and learning. But it did not go so prosperously with the political career of Fredericka. The old and young, and cousins of Princely Countess, President etc., to take care of, who had been proudest enough to let others depart to the holy war and to remain at home in person. They had also the advantage of birth over him. For Waldrich sprang from ancestors who were not of the nobility. Therefore the situation did not change. Then the old first lieutenant, as much the more willingly because Mr. Bantes, his former guardian, had long ago handed out to him the posty

remain of his ancestral estate, and this had already long been scattered. He buried himself, therefore, in the garrison—made himself poetry in the guardroom, and philosophical observations on parade. This gave him bitter weariness, until, finally, the troops were transferred. It was entirely up to him when his company received the command to go into the garrison at Herkeshiem.

At the head of his company—for the Captain, a rich baron, was away on leave of absence—he returned as Commander, to his native town. Oho! here is the sight of the world again! The world is the same, but the well-traveled army garrison affords him? The drum ceased before the Council Hall. A company of音乐会 brought the tickets for quartering. The Commander, of course, was quartered in the most aristocratic—indeed, in the richest—house in the city, and therefore with Mr. Bantes. The whole arrangement was so well made, so well arranged, so much pleasure!

The company separated quite pleased, for it was now the precious dinner hour, and the worthy citizens, notified of the quartering, had made themselves ready for the reception.

Waldrich, who knew both conciliators well from his boyhood, noticed that he must be present at the meeting of the Commandant and friends, first to fully justify his action, and, especially, in the cause of the holy cause, and, although he declined it, they conducted him themselves to the house of the manufacturer. Here Mr. Bantes received him very politely, into a pretty room, where he was seated, and, as usual, the old and the neighboring members of his predecessor had. May please you? Make yourself comfortable, and then we wait for you for dinner.

Waldrich enjoyed his unexpected intimacy. He determined to lay it aside at the first opportunity, and, to do so, he intended to change his dress as he was called to the table. He found there, besides Mr. Bantes, his wife and some old clerks and superintendents, all of whom he knew very well; also a young woman whom he did not know.

They sat down. They talked of the weather, of that day's march of the company, of the march of all companies that the previous partition, with whom he had exceedingly pleased, had been transferred to another city.

"I hope, meanwhile," said Waldrich, "that you are not displeased with me and my people. Suffer us only to become domesticated, and you will be satisfied."

Mr. Bantes, to become domesticated, it was natural that the Commander, who had already wondered that his youthful playfellow Fredericka, to whom he had always remained debtor for the fifteen lour d', did not appear in the house—that he, indeed, should ask his host whether he had any children. "Yes, sir," said Mr. Bantes, and pointed to the young woman, "she has made my eyes shut again."

"No, Mr. Bantes, if your George erred, he erred probably as did several thousand other Germans, and, as for example, I myself did. Our arms, you were destroyed,

but the people must rise up and help themselves, because the armies could no longer defend them. Then men must not calculate on the strength of their numbers, but on their virtue, and, above all, on the hearts of the nation."

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1880.

WALLACE GRUELLE, Editor.

IN HOC SIGNO VINCIS!

NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC TICKET.
(November Eleventh, 1880.)

For President—WILLIAM H. HANCOCK.
For Vice President—W. H. ENGLISH.

For Congress.
Box J. PROCTOR KNOTT, Marion county.



The news from Ohio and Indiana is most encouraging. We have only lost two or three congressmen in the former state and one or two in the legislature, the legislature, and a U. S. senator in the latter. The victory of the enemy is hardly worthy our regret, while our precious rays of triumph plucked from the thorn of defeat is worth putting in a vase and placing in the mantlepiece, for we have prevented the pyramids from carrying both dashed states unanimously! "Crown, Chapman, crown!"

May help each other by their joy, not by their sorrow.

DE LA MARTYR CAN NOW WRITE HIMSELF DE LA MARTYR.

NOTHING is really well done which it costs you pain to do.

The Dutch have taken Holland. West Virginia has gone democratic.

LEVITY is often less foolish and gravity less wise than of them appear.

AVERAGE begets more vices than PIMA did children, and like him, survives them all.

WIT may do very well for a mistress, but he is a fool who prefers it to reason for a wife.

THE safest time to let on an election is after you have obtained the official report of the vote.

After all, we only lost one congressman in Indiana. This relieves the sting of some of its smart.

MURKIN at nothing. If our ill-repute is irreparable, it is ungrateful; if they are remediable, it is vain.

All posts write for immortality, but we never know of one who objected to present pay and praise.

WEAKER killed greenbacker in Indiana. Seems to have polled less than four-fifths its vote of four years ago.

TIGER Glasgow Times is particularly severe on Joe Muhutan, but not more so than the lying wretched deserves.

THE mathemetic monster with the hands of Briareus and head of Polyphemus—strong to execute, blind to perceive.

A BEAUTIFUL woman, if poor, should use a double circumstance: for her beauty will tempt others, her poverty herself.

Some men know they are great, and, in the pride of this exclusive knowledge, hold the ignorance of their neighbors in supreme contempt.

The Elizabethian News wants to know what we will bet that Maine will go for Garfield. All of one stock in the Ohio River Bank of this city.

The road to glory would cease to be arduous if it were tried and trodden. Great minds must be ready not only to seize opportunity, but to create it.

The Hawaile Ballot sometimes wishes we were a greenbacker. We prefer being just what we are. We have no desire to become a political scuttle.

BOYS, let's pull off our coats and give Proctor Knott five thousand majority over both Hobson and Green, and make the first Indiana district ashamed of itself.

My what reputation stands dismally high as writers have often miserably failed as speakers. Their pens seem to have been encrusted at the expense of their tongues.

THE sun should never set upon your anger or rise upon your confidence. You should forgive me, as a debt you owe my enemy. You should forget rarely, as I do you owe yourself.

The elections of last week are followed up by a good deal of talk, but the demand of the Philadelphia Times for English to be displaced from the national ticket is much too silly. It is idiotic.

THE Princeton Homeopathic uses us in enlarged form and greatly improved typographically. It is most printed to perfection on a country Campbell press. We always read the banner with interest and never without profit.

BOSS JONESON, we understand, has joined added to the editorial staff of the Louisville Sunday Argus. We congratulate its constituency on this addition to the brains and brilliancy of an already brainy and brilliant paper.

"FAREWELL, BROTHER GREEN!"

I have never left the diabolical party. It is true I stand where I've stood. It was at that sombre season of the year when autumn, on the verge of dissolution, and about to close its eyes in death on the blue skies, stretches out either hand, one to the hot and feverish clasp of the retiring summer, and the other to the icy and chilling grasp of the approaching winter. It was a sad parting, and for tears—the season when least separates from length, bird deserts bower, and the southward abandons the banks wherein the fragrant violets blushed, exhale their sweetest, and perished.

A venerable and sorrowful man stood upon the ear in fifth months, growing long as it approaches? At first he was silent, but then he spoke, and the words in the forest, but as it drew nearer we knew that it is the voice of human lamentation. "Farewell, Brother Green!"

He asked, "What sound is that which falls upon the ear in fifth months, growing long as it approaches?" At first he was silent, but then he spoke, and the words in the forest, but as it drew nearer we knew that it is the voice of human lamentation. "Farewell, Brother Green!"

Now we can observe a sad procession emerge in sight. A closer view discloses the cheifains and princes of democracy, the veritable "Sons of Liberty," the names of whom are known to Tilden, Benton, and Hendricks and Bayard, Birney, Steedman, and Vorhees, Beck and Trumbull, Hancock and English, and a score of others, all marked men and leaders of the "force" department.

As he gazed upon the approaching host, and on the retreating atmosphere, the trees which housed from the restraining laches and lured in torrents down the narrow-crowed paths of the Sad and Lonely One. It was as if death were in the air and a coffin in the house, and in all the wide expanse of earth there is no quiet corner, no little nook, wherein concealing hope might shelter. Death is here, and his shadow hangs over the hearts and in the homes of men.

Arrived in front of the Solitary Weeper, the procession halted, and as Seymour the venerable stepped forward with outstretched hand, the wailing ceased, and every car hunkily inclined to his words.

He spoke, "I am old, but still alive, shocked with grief, and have gathered from the quarters of the land—some from tropical Texas, some from the lake-fringed north, others from the gulf-kissed south—to bring to me those to go with us."

"I am a flint from the rock av ages," responded Brother Green, with emotion but firmness, "and here I stick. I'm sorry, but I can't budge."

"Brother Green," continued the aged philosopher, "the destiny of the country hangs upon your decision. Is it within your power to make or mar the future of the millions which are to inherit the land after we have returned to dust? It is with you to decide."

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